

Pretty Little Pet

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Pretty Little Pet

by [mcpoggy](#)

Summary

Tomioka Giyuu, an alpha who is part of the Yakuza, becomes infatuated by a pretty omega that works at a bakery. It becomes Giyuu's life mission to monopolize Tanjirou... by any means necessary.

Notes

PROMPT: Problematic GiyuuTan, Yakuza AU, jealous/possessive as fuck Giyuu

Just a final warning, this fic contains VERY dubious consent. Giyuu is a possessive ass who pushes himself onto Tanjirou. A LOT. There's a happy consensual ending though!

SDKJFS I will admit, this was really hot to write. I stray further from god with each fic.

You can PROBABLY FUCKING TELL that I TRIED to work a plot in there, but royally failed.

Giyuu has been watching this guy for weeks. He first recognized him by the trashy swept-back hair and crooked tie. The guy was from a clan that were no better than thugs; no discipline or internal structure. They were amateurs who couldn't shoot their way out of a paper bag. Their leader was a cocky hot-head who only thought with his dick and let his men run around like rabid dogs.

Giyuu's boss instructed him to pay close attention to them because that brashness would eventually impose on them. Sure enough, one of the thugs did just that.

The alpha rose from the park bench and followed when the enemy had his back to him. Giyuu's steps were calculated and gradual, always allowing for ample space to protect him from detection or suspicion; both from his target and from the people going about their daily tasks.

Giyuu was familiar with this district. His clan owned it among many others. They did business with the locals and collected debts from people who tried to evade the law. There were plenty of izakaya shops down the street where drunk students and adventurous salarymen visited past working hours. This area was profitable, vibrant, and beloved by many.

Mr. Crooked Tie liked to hang around a charming little bakery, scurrying around it like a cockroach. Giyuu was particularly fond of said bakery. Giyuu knew the people inside very well. He knew the owner— a man in his forties— and his family: his wife and their six children.

The alpha was especially enamoured with the eldest son. His name was Tanjirou. He was a fifteen-year-old omega who had bright intellect and endless compassion. Everyone loved him. He made friends with many and was as welcoming as the summer's morning sun.

He was the complete opposite of Giyuu. Giyuu's unforgivable sins ran deeper than any abyss. He's committed crimes against humanity: which included extortion, kidnapping, torture, and even murder. He was an active and dangerous member of the largest crime syndicate in Japan; the Yakuza.

Despite knowing him for years, the Kamado family was oblivious to Giyuu's true identity.

Tanjirou thought he was a businessman.

Since he became familiar with the Kamado family, Giyuu's presence in the area remained constant. It was enough to deter other clans and intimidate any arrogant (or drunk) salaryman out of starting a fight with the locals. That was how the neighbourhood within the bakery's immediate surroundings remained safe.

Giyuu first met the omega in the alley behind the bakery. Despite only being thirteen, the boy had been brave enough to approach a fully grown man who had a split lip and a black eye.

—

"Are you okay?"

There was a tiny yet concerned voice calling to him, one that Giyuu deemed not to be a threat. Despite his pain, Giyuu forced open his swollen eye to look up at the source.

A boy wearing a green and black checkered apron was standing before him. The limited light in the back ally during dusk allowed for Giyuu to see that the boy had brunette hair. The only thing he could smell was his own blood in his sinuses, so Giyuu couldn't decipher anything about the boy beyond his appearance.

"I'm fine," Giyuu grunted indifferently. The boy tilted his head with a look of concern.

"What?"

"You're not fine. You're beat up and you smell like you're in pain."

Giyuu wished he had the ability to roll his eyes. “Then why did you ask?”

“I don’t know,” the boy answered with an innocent shrug.

Giyuu’s head fell back against the brick wall behind him. “It’s not safe back here. Go find your parents.”

“They’re inside. It’s fine, I take out the garbage all the time,” the boy explained as he squatted down, resting his hands on his knobby knees.

“What do you mean? It’s a bakery,” Giyuu questioned, gesturing to the business he was leaning against.

“Yup! It’s my family’s bakery!” The boy chirped. It was an unexpected answer, but it somehow distracted him from his painfully throbbing face. The boy’s parents must be the owners. It wasn’t out of the ordinary for kids to help with the family business after they finish school.

He’s never met the bakery owner but he knew it had a decent revenue throughout the year. People loved it. It had a good reputation.

“Are you a salaryman?” The boy asked.

“No.”

“A boss?”

“No. Go awa—”

“Why are you wearing a suit then? Oh! Do you have a TV show? Are you a gameshow host?”

The boy kept interrupting him, seemingly unafraid by Giyuu’s cold exterior.

“What’s your name?” Giyuu asked, refusing to answer the stupid questions.

“Tanjirou! My name is Kamado Tanjirou,” the boy happily answered. Giyuu shuffled his legs under him, wincing when it sparked pain in his chest. He’d been punched repeatedly, so he might have a bruised rib.

The alpha looked Tanjirou right in the eye. Only youthful innocence sparkled back at him.

“Tanjirou, it’s bad to talk to strange men. I’m a strange man. Don’t trust me. Go inside and be close to your parents.”

There was silence. Cherry eyes blinked curiously at him.

“Oh!” Tanjirou perked up and suddenly ran inside. The heavy metal door quickly shut after him.

Thank God. Giyuu sighed and finally rested his head in peace. Giyuu had no interest in hurting kids. It was better to scare them off before they could get hurt.

The door opened again a few minutes later. It was Tanjirou again, but he was carrying a bag of ice in one hand and a paper cup with steaming liquid in the other. He carefully squatted down in front of Giyuu and extended the drink to him.

“Here! I noticed that your eye is really swollen, so I brought you some ginger tea. My mom always says that it’s good for swelling. And if you have an upset tummy.”

Giyuu was absolutely speechless. This boy should be afraid of him. He even told him to leave him alone. Most people steered clear of Giyuu just witnessing his demeanour, but this boy wasn't afraid. He only saw someone who was injured and his instinct was to take care of them.

An adolescent boy had the courage to just... do that for a strange man he didn't even know.

The stunned alpha looked up at the sunny smile. A very unfamiliar flutter happened in his heart. It was like having an angel smile at him.

"And I brought some ice. For your eye," Tanjirou picked it up and tenderly pressed it against Giyuu's temple.

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Since then, Giyuu became a regular customer to the bakery. Tanjirou would always greet him with an excited smile and dazzling eyes, then offer to make him some tea. Giyuu would sit for as long as he could, taking any excuse to watch the beautiful boy on the job. Tanjirou was like warm sunshine breaking through storm clouds. He was the harmony amongst a world of chaos. While Giyuu led a sinful life, Tanjirou had an innocent soul.

He was the one source of serenity in Giyuu's life. He wanted to wrap his arms around it and hold onto it forever.

As Tanjirou grew each year, his boyish features refined into a young adult. He presented as an omega. His jaw became more slender. His voice deepened. He grew taller and his body became beautifully toned. He could see the definition of his skinny waist when his earthy green apron was wrapped around his body. His eyes shimmered with youth and his lips looked so soft.

Giyuu soon found himself wanting to taste that innocence.

He wanted to have Tanjirou *in his bed*.

He wanted to feel that sunshine-like warmth wrapped around his cock.

He wanted to *own* Tanjirou.

The obsession Giyuu developed for Tanjirou was getting harder to restrain.

For years, with diligent patience, he bided his time and waited for Tanjirou to grow. One day, the alpha promised himself he *would* have him. Boiling jealousy would singe his nerves just thinking about Tanjirou being with anyone else.

So, when Giyuu's target approached Tanjirou as the boy was taking the trash outside, Giyuu's pace quickened to a speed walk.

Giyuu saw a flicker of fear in the omega's eyes when he saw the stranger with a sinister smile. Crooked Tie swiftly snatched Tanjirou's wrist, thinking that no one was looking.

Giyuu was about to jump in and yank the bastard off Tanjirou before something unexpected happened:

Tanjirou *punched the man*.

Giyuu's competition (if Giyuu could call him that) stumbled back with a feral growl. The counter-attack was too quick for Tanjirou to retaliate. Crooked Tie snatched Tanjirou's shirt and punched him back, spitting insults at the omega.

Giyuu finally attacked, slamming his elbow against the back of the bastard's head. The omega was released and he fell to the ground in a heap. Tanjirou scurried back like a crab.

“The hell is your problem?! Who the fuck are you?” The man barked. Giyuu wasn’t intimidated, nor did he answer. He swung his fist again, taking his jealousy out on the bastard’s ugly face.

Crooked Tie was a thug, but he was no amateur. He pulled out a knife and Giyuu’s body reacted on auto-pilot.

Any man who sells his soul to the Yakuza learns very quickly that interpreting body language was the difference between life and death. One wrong cue and you could have a katana slashing your throat or a bullet in your head. Over the years, he’s honed his close-range combat skills, not wanting to rely on *just* his gun. Guns ran out of bullets, were stolen, and dropped all the time. That was how Giyuu was able to avoid punches from landing on his face or his gut.

It was a *very* close scrape. Crooked Tie missed his body, but the five-inch blade caught on the cuff of his white button-up sleeve, slicing a clean line from his wrist to his elbow. There would be a bleeding gash there for sure.

Shit, if this fight went on any longer, they would cause a scene. Giyuu had to end it quickly, so he drew his gun at the next chance he got.

Crooked Tie apparently didn’t have one. *Yet*. The alpha from the rival clan reluctantly raised his hands in surrender.

“Fine. The whore ain’t worth it.”

Giyuu growled. Tanjirou was no whore. Whores slept with many— and that was *not* going to be Tanjirou.

The fight didn’t last longer than thirty seconds. It was over before a passerby could witness it. The alpha sighed with relief and pushed his gun back into his holster.

“Giyuu-san, you’re hurt!” Tanjirou quickly darted up to his side to inspect the wound, but froze when he saw Giyuu’s arm.

It took one look at the boy to realize what he was staring at. It was his tattoo sleeve. The black and blue ink rounded off about an inch before his wrist. His mark as a Yakuza has been a secret from Tanjirou until today.

Tanjirou was wide-eyed in shock. “Are you…”

“*Tanjirou!!*” A woman’s distressed scream cut him off. It was Tanjirou’s mother, Kie. She was rushing forward with her husband close behind her.

“We heard something happening out here. Are you okay?” His father asked. As the parents fretted over their son, Giyuu hid his arms behind his back, shielding his tattoos from their sight.

“You’re hurt!” Kie gasped when she noticed Tanjirou’s reddening face.

“I’m… okay,” Tanjirou answered in a daze.

“Are you sure?” Kie pressed. “We need to take you to a hospital just in case—“

“No, mom, I’m fine! It’s Giyuu-san that’s hurt!” Tanjirou seemed to have finally gathered his wits from the shock. When the two adults (not that much older than Giyuu himself, who was thirty and Giyuu pegged the Kamado parents to be in their forties), asked about his well being, Giyuu denied that he needed tending to. Tanjirou’s parents were then quick to thank him for protecting Tanjirou.

“Tanjirou got in trouble with someone dangerous. I stopped it from escalating,” Giyuu explained calmly.

“What do you mean?” Tanjurou asked.

“He punched a man,” Giyuu clarified.

“Tanjirou!” Kie shrieked in horror. Tanjirou winced and hung his head as he apologized to her.

“I’m sorry, mom.”

“What were you thinking?! Getting into a fight with a stranger like that— you could have been killed!”

Tanjirou’s eyes filled with tears, feeling guilty for making his mother worry so much.

“Please, don’t ever do that again!” She begged.

“I won’t—“

Giyuu shook his head. “It’s too late. He’ll be back... and most likely with others. I’ve seen him around before; he’s a part of the Yakuza.”

“ *Oh god,* ” Kie wepted, looking to her husband for a solution. He looked just as lost.

“We can hire security. If it’s too dangerous, we could close the bakery earlier in the day,” Tanjurou contemplated.

“We can’t afford that— we’re almost falling behind on the mortgage,” Kie stressed.

A very wicked plan started piecing together in Giyuu's head the more the Kamados deconstructed their predicament.

Tanjirou shook his head. "We *have* to make it work, if Tanjirou is in danger now, we have to. We'll think of something—"

Giyuu chose that moment to interject.

"I can protect him."

All three pairs of eyes darted to him instantaneously.

'*Yes, this is perfect.*' Giyuu realized he was closer to his goal of monopolizing Tanjirou than he anticipated. A chance was presenting itself and Giyuu would be foolish to let it pass him by.

"But he needs to stay with me. Even if you close the bakery early, or even shut it down, they'll still come for him. Tanjirou won't be safe no matter where he is."

Tanjirou's father faced him directly. The fellow alpha was listening but he was clearly skeptical.

"How can you protect him?" The man asked. It was predictable that he'd ask such a thing. Giyuu let out a short sigh and brought his arms forward, then pulled back the ripped sleeve to display his tattoo.

Both parents were reasonably shocked.

“I mean you no harm. I never have. My clan has stakes in this area. That other man is from another clan who wants to take control of it. They won’t though— we have more than enough resources to secure the area. Your bakery will be safe. But that guy will come after Tanjirou specifically. It’s very rare that someone within our circles don’t try to avenge themselves if their pride is hurt.”

Giyuu was explaining the circumstance, but it was clear that the Kamados were still reeling from the shock of Giyuu’s revealed identity. They just found out that one of their long-term customers worked for the black market— and now that man was suggesting that their teenage son be given to him for safe-keeping. Giyuu knew it was a tall order. He knew it was downright *preposterous* of them to even consider it. After all, no parents in their right mind would give their child to a criminal because said criminal was telling them to ‘ *trust him.* ’

However, Giyuu was nothing if not quick-witted and a master of manipulation. He already had the Kamado’s trust, so he only had to keep choosing his words correctly.

Tanjirou, who had been silent up until now, unexpectedly spoke up with a determined glint in his eyes. Giyuu knew, just by looking at it, that Tanjirou made up his mind about something.

“This is all my fault. I started this... I think I need to go with Giyuu-san,” he declared.

“Tanjirou...” His father started, like he was about to scold him.

“No, dad, really— I’m going to be a man soon, so I need to take responsibility. I screwed up. And I put you guys in danger... also... I trust Giyuu-san. We knew what kind of person he really is anyway, right? Even if he’s who he says he is. He’s kind and he’s caring! He wouldn’t hurt me, I know it.”

“ *Tanjirou*, you’re only fifteen! It’s still not okay for you to be away from us,” Kie protested.

“I’ll be around here often. And Tanjirou can keep his cell phone so he can talk to everyone,” Giyuu proposed.

“Can’t we just call the police? Can’t we just tell them to arrest that man?” Tanjurou asked.

Giyuu shook his head. “They won’t find him. I guarantee it.”

They were still scared and reluctant. They were good parents; they ought to feel those things. The more they argued, the more grim a picture Giyuu painted them. His tattoos proved that he knew what he was talking about. The underground market was ruthless and extremely intelligent. They followed no laws. They only owed their lives to their bosses. They’d steal, kill, and rape anyone who tried to undermine them.

The only person who could protect Tanjirou from someone in the Yakuza was *another* person from the Yakuza.

Giyuu squashed down the twinge of guilt he felt when he saw the family tearing up. He liked this family a lot, and even if his intentions with Tanjirou were impure, it still saddened him to see such good people break down. They were scared, but they knew deep down that Tanjirou was safer with the highly-skilled alpha.

He cared for the do-well family and their small business, but he wanted Tanjirou all to himself more.

Besides, it wasn’t abduction if Tanjirou was willingly coming with him.

He took Tanjirou to his condo in Tateyama; a beach-side city in Chiba prefecture. Giyuu had a condo in central Tokyo, but given the target Tanjirou put on his back, it would be safest to isolate him away from the metropolitan area. Only other clan members knew of the alpha’s private estate. Some even had property in the same building.

Tanjirou had a suitcase and a backpack carrying all his essentials. The omega was unsurprisingly not afraid of leaving home. Tanjirou was seemingly not afraid of anything.

However, Giyuu *had* expected some sombreness, perhaps even sorrow. The brave boy showed no such signs. It didn't *feel* like Giyuu was taking Tanjirou from his home.

As they rode up the elevator to Giyuu's penthouse suite, Tanjirou remained glued to his side.

"I'm surprised you're not worried," Giyuu remarked.

Tanjirou shook his head. "I know you're Yakuza, but you're still Giyuu-san. You're still a good person. That's why I know that I'll be able to see my family soon."

A good person? No, Giyuu was definitely not a good person, but it warmed his heart to hear that Tanjirou had that much faith in him.

Tanjirou didn't know how wrong he was about seeing his family soon, but he'd let the boy believe he would. Compliance made it easier to keep the omega all to himself.

The alpha's apartment was relatively under furnished. Chiffon-colored couches sat atop chestnut wood floors while ivory curtains bordered floor-to-ceiling windows that faced the Sagami Bay. Many merchant and cruise ships crossed the horizon every day on their way to and from Tokyo.

The recently purchased place was hardly lived in. Giyuu only visited it a couple times a month. Those were the days the alpha was eager to get away from the city. Here, the serene sounds of the rolling ocean waves lay just an open-window away. It was here that Giyuu liked to retreat to in order to feel a little more human.

Giyuu showed Tanjirou to the spare bedroom that has never been used. There was a single bed, a closet, and a small window that looked out onto the stretch of beach twenty stories below.

Since he didn't have any food in his fridge and very little in his pantry, Giyuu ordered some food to be delivered. He figured some warm donburi would help Tanjirou feel more

comfortable. The boy may have been making bread since he was ten, but his favourite dishes always had rice in it. Tanjirou loved pickled vegetables and deep-fried stuff too.

With food on the way, Giyuu removed his shirt and went to toss it in the laundry basket. It seemed as if Tanjirou had the same idea, pulling his sweater over his head. The alpha stopped at the open door to watch Tanjirou being shirtless.

The boy shyly stopped stripping when he noticed Giyuu looking at him. Giyuu didn't flinch.

“What?” Giyuu asked.

“No— nothing, sorry.” Tanjirou shook his head, but seemed hesitant to remove his pants.

“Have you never stripped in front of a guy before?”

Tanjirou hung his head with embarrassment after denying the fact, then forced himself to remove his pants. Giyuu's lusty eyes roamed over that sensually lithe body. The omega was obviously active in sports.

“Hand those over, I have a maid that cleans the place every other day.”

Giyuu extended his hand, gesturing for Tanjirou to give him the clothes. The boy surrendered them and then dressed himself in his pajamas.

“Um, Giyuu-san?”

“Yes?”

“Can I... is it alright if I... touched it?”

A shock of heat went straight into Giyuu's pants.

“It?”

Tanjirou fiddled his fingers, “Your... tattoos.”

Oh. Giyuu supposed he shouldn't have gotten his hopes up. It was too soon for Tanjirou to want that.

“Sure,” Giyuu granted.

Tanjirou timidly stepped up to him, reminding Giyuu that Tanjirou was a head shorter in height. The boy's hands lifted and delicately descended to Giyuu's pectorals. Judging by the blush on Tanjirou's face, he was either embarrassed or turned-on. His fingers slowly traced over the body of the snake-like dragon that wrapped over Giyuu's shoulders. Tanjirou then traced over the rounded edges where ink ended and natural skin-tone began, right next to Giyuu's sternum.

“It's very beautiful,” Tanjirou remarked fondly.

Tanjirou then circled around Giyuu to look at the back. The alpha tugged his hair over his shoulder to show it off.

“Whoa! Incredible.” The omega expressed his surprise seeing the head of the roaring water dragon. Its head was centred between Giyuu's shoulder blades and its elongated body decorated the expanse of his back. Giyuu's nose caught a sudden spike of sweetness in the air. It must have wafted off Tanjirou's body when the omega marvelled at the art of waves, sea foam, and water lilies on a backdrop of black tendrils.

The hairs on the back of Giyuu's neck rose when he felt the boy's fingers trace up his spine. Hearing and feeling the omega's approval gave the alpha an urge to preen. The omega liked his body. He approved of Giyuu.

“Why do Yakuza have tattoos?” Tanjirou asked curiously.

“It’s a symbol of deviance. It means that we’re marked forever as outliers.”

“Ah... but you fit in so well! You’d come to the bakery all the time and none of us had a clue.”

Giyuu turned around to look into Tanjirou’s eyes.

“I did it so I could get closer to you,” Giyuu confessed, tracing the edge of the omega’s jaw with his knuckles. “You were captivating. I wanted to be near you.”

The omega’s eyes grew wide as that sweet scent thickened in the air.

“U-Um... I need to finish changing!” Tanjirou stuttered and ripped himself away from Giyuu’s hand.

The edge of the alpha’s lips twitched up in a sly smile. Did Tanjirou already have a crush on the older man? That was *very* interesting.

Giyuu would bide his time for now. His ultimate prize was Tanjirou’s body— and Giyuu knew that the best things in life came with hard work and patience.

The first time Giyuu saw Tanjirou naked was when he ambushed him in the bathroom.

After Tanjirou got settled in and knew the neighbourhood, Giyuu felt at ease heading back to Tokyo for a couple days. He felt at ease in the city centre knowing that Tanjirou was hidden far away from the bastards that wanted to hurt him.

He had to take care of some business and scout the neighbourhood where Tanjirou's fight took place. So far, there was no lead on the man who started the fight and there was no sign of any of the opposing clan members. They were being careful. Giyuu was certain that they wouldn't start an inter-clan fight over one boy, but he also didn't want to take any chances. A mafia man's pride knew no bounds and could easily spur him to do anything.

Giyuu then stopped by the bakery to reassure the Kamado family that Tanjirou was safe. Tanjirou had been texting and talking with his parents for the past two days and Giyuu had no intention of blocking those communications. It would only make Tanjirou hostile towards him. Tanjirou had gone with Giyuu willingly, so the man had no reason to jeopardize that.

The man arrived at the beach condo about an hour after sunset. It was springtime, which meant that the weather was getting *just* warm enough to make him feel stuffy in a full suit. Giyuu stripped his jacket and discarded his tie so he could unbutton the collar.

"Tanjirou?" He called out when he didn't hear a sound.

"In the bath!" Tanjirou replied from the bathroom.

Since it *was* Giyuu's condo, the man could come and go from any of the rooms as he pleased. He walked up to the bathroom and opened the door.

"Giyuu-san! I'm bathing!" The boy flinched and yanked his legs up to hide himself.

"I can see that," Giyuu answered nonchalantly.

"Can I please have some privacy?" Tanjirou pouted.

Giyuu gave his answer by closing the door while still inside.

“Giyuu-san!!” He whined.

“You don’t own this condo. I do,” Giyuu asserted.

“Yes— but,” the boy tried to protest, but then shut himself up.

Tanjirou mentioned before that he wasn’t shy about being naked around other men, but Giyuu was becoming skeptical. “Are you sure you’re used to people seeing you naked?”

“I am! *Epecially* men! I’ve seen many naked men!” Tanjirou protested.

Giyuu squinted his eyes, not liking how that sounded.

“Have you been with a man before?”

Tanjirou nearly choked on his own sputtering words. “N-No! I meant— I meant my brothers and my classmates!”

“Those are *boys*. Not men,” Giyuu corrected out of spite, because he didn’t appreciate the near-heart attack he had.

“It’s not that much of a difference!” Tanjirou protested.

“There is a *huge* difference. Boys are the same as you. *Men* do adult things.” ‘ *Sometimes with boys like you,* ’ Giyuu thought. He was living proof of such an adult. He would do

anything to protect Tanjirou from *other* adults that wanted to do such a thing.

“You mean sex... right?” Tanjirou shyly asked.

That made Giyuu pause.

“And what do you know about sex?” Giyuu leered. He then rolled up the sleeves of his crisp and white dress shirt. Tanjirou seemed entranced by the action.

“Um... a few things?” Tanjirou answered with uncertainty, “That... we need to be careful about infections. That we need to wear condoms when we do it?”

That was a very textbook answer. It was obvious that Tanjirou only knew about sex in theory, that his knowledge of the act came from concerned teachers and family, never from potential lovers.

Giyuu sat himself down on the edge of the tub. His socks were soaked from the wet floor and wearing his suit in a steamy room was making him sweat, but Giyuu was so close to the object of his desires that he couldn't turn away.

“Tanjirou...”

“Yes?”

Fingers circled over a knee that peaked the water's surface.

“Has someone ever touched you like a lover before?”

“N-No...” Tanjirou blushed and averted his eyes. That was the answer Giyuu wanted to hear.

“You’ve touched yourself though, haven’t you? Now just imagine how good it feels to cum... and then multiply that by five. That’s what it’s like to cum during sex.”

Giyuu loomed like a predator over him. His palm slowly slid down Tanjirou’s naked thigh, disappearing into the water. Tanjirou gasped and tightly closed his legs, trapping Giyuu’s hand between them.

“Trust me,” Giyuu softly insisted.

Tanjirou kept his grip tight.

“Tanjirou... Do you trust me?” He spoke softer the second time. After a moment of consideration, Tanjirou nodded.

“Good... now spread your legs,” he whispered above the boy’s blushing ear. With a timid tremble and a nervous whine, Tanjirou’s tanned legs spread. Giyuu nearly moaned at the inviting sight alone. His hand slid down the inside of Tanjirou’s thigh until he reached his goal.

Tanjirou’s little cock twitched in his palm as the boy nearly thrashed in surprise. It was fine, this was the first time someone else’s hand has been between his legs. Giyuu was incredibly endeared by Tanjirou’s virgin sensitivity. He loved knowing that he was the first person to do this.

He took his sweet time touching submerged skin. His hand stroked Tanjirou’s inner thigh up and down, coaxing the muscles underneath to relax. He wanted to do this slowly so he didn’t scare Tanjirou away.

“Does that feel good?” Giyuu asked, minding his balance against the bathtub’s edge so he didn’t slip. The tension in keeping his balance made the veins physically prominent on the back of his hand.

“It feels nice...” Tanjirou moaned. The omega’s cock was rock hard in Giyuu’s hand.

Giyuu smiled slyly and dipped his hand far enough to submerge the cuff of his rolled up sleeve; far enough to trace the lips of that tight virgin pussy. Tanjirou gasped and reflexively shut his legs closed again, trapping Giyuu’s hand right against his cunt.

“It’s okay. Trust me. You can trust me, remember?”

Tanjirou whined high as his legs shook. Giyuu could smell the fear coming off the omega, so he kept reassuringly still. Tanjirou seemed to sense the alpha’s anchored resolve and slowly, shakily opened his legs.

“How cute...” He praised. The fact that it was underwater made it easier for Giyuu’s fingers to glide around the entrance. He slowly curled his fingers up and down over the entrance and sensitive cocklette.

“How does that feel?”

“Weird...” Tanjirou whined.

“Feels like it feels good. You’re clenching right here,” Giyuu reassured, pressing the pad of his middle finger against the hole.

Giyuu then dared to push his middle finger inside. Tanjirou’s reaction was visceral— crying out and flinching forward, gripping at Giyuu’s forearm with both hands.

“Have you ever fingered yourself before?” Giyuu purred. Tanjirou immediately shook his head.

“Oh, I can tell no one has been in here. It feels so tight,” Giyuu purred. His solid middle finger slowly thrust in and out, only going first knuckle deep.

“Having fingers here is supposed to feel good. Relax. Let it feel good...” the alpha coaxed.

Giyuu enjoyed the precious moment he had to touch Tanjirou’s insides for the first time. He circled his finger to feel the silky muscles, then started slowly pushing and curling to see what motions sparked a reaction. Hot muscles clenched and rippled around his finger.

Giyuu pushed his luck a little further by sinking his finger all the way in. That made Tanjirou grip his arm tighter, practically hugging it against his chest. The newness of it was overwhelming to Tanjirou and absolutely delicious to Giyuu. His forehead even rested against Giyuu’s shoulder. The alpha felt a heatedly possessive curl in his gut. Tanjirou was melting under his touch.

Giyuu let the boy hug him from the inside out. With a pleased moan, Giyuu continued to pet Tanjirou’s insides. Slowly, Tanjirou relaxed around the sensation, even started rocking his hips. The feeling of Giyuu inside him was already becoming natural.

Oh, there was *so* much more that Giyuu wanted to do. He wanted to stimulate his prostate and make him cum. He wanted the boy to feel a world of pleasure. He wanted that cunt parting around his cock.

Instead, he withdrew his finger and lifted his hand out of the tub. Tanjirou looked lost when he looked up at him—pleading and begging for something he couldn’t put a name to. Giyuu stroked his wet knuckles over Tanjirou’s cheek.

“You’re not ready for anything else,” the alpha stated.

“But—“

“Shh. This is why I told you to trust me.”

Tanjirou opened his mouth to protest, but he seemed to stop himself when he realized what Giyuu meant.

Really, all Giyuu wanted to do was coax Tanjirou into wanting more. He had to push *just* enough before pulling back; sowing the seeds of desire within the virgin boy. It seemed to be working because the moment Giyuu stood up, Tanjirou slouched into the water and exhaled a hilarious amount of bubbles into the water. He made sure that the omega was looking at him when he licked at the finger that had been inside Tanjirou a moment ago.

The boy squeaked. Giyuu gave a cocky smirk as he slipped the finger into his mouth to suck on it. *Then* he left Tanjirou alone to finish his bath.

He wanted his new roommate to see how much Giyuu desired him. He wanted that thought to linger in his mind.

As much as the alpha wanted to see Tanjirou every day, going to the beach condo at the end of the day sometimes wasn't an option. Sometimes he would have to work so late that he couldn't catch the last train, which meant he had to stay in his city apartment when that happened.

Since Tanjirou moved in with him, Giyuu became addicted to *everything* about the boy: his scent, his skin, his lips, his eyes, his smile, and most definitely his warmth. *Not* having that everyday made Giyuu antsy.

It wasn't just because he wanted to fuck the boy, no— the omega was worming his way into Giyuu's heart. Tanjirou made his condo feel more homely. The omega had bought some plants and decorations from locals. Vases with tulips and daffodils lightening up the front entrance. Colourful chopsticks were in his drawers. Handmade napkin holders were on the coffee table.

Suddenly, there was *color* in the living space. There was warmth. The furniture smelled like Tanjirou and the air always carried the scent of home cooked meals. Tanjirou was a fantastic cook. He was the son of a baker, after all, so Giyuu wasn't at all surprised that the boy had such a talent.

Tanjirou smiled bright whenever Giyuu would tell him that his food was delicious. He even started offering to make him bento lunches. It was a genuine, human presence that made Giyuu very happy.

It seemed as if the feeling was mutual.

After two weeks of coming and going, of lingering kisses, teasing touches, of wrapping his arms around the omega so he could suck hickies onto his neck, Giyuu received an exquisite text from Tanjirou:

Will you be coming home today? I'll make your favorite dinner if you do.

It was like the stars were aligning. Tanjirou *missed* him when he wasn't around. Tanjirou didn't feel like he was being forced. He was letting Giyuu do what he wanted— and the omega *liked* when Giyuu did what he wanted. A hot surge of desire burst through him thinking about the poor boy's loneliness. After all, Tanjirou was a very social person who was used to living with many people. Being alone must be very hard for him.

Giyuu's evening meeting with clientele be damned— he was going home to Tanjirou that night and there was nothing that would stop him.

Upon his arrival, Tanjirou excitedly padded to the door to greet him. He was dressed in an apron and the smell of ponzu sauce was in the air.

The alpha had a sneaking suspicion that Tanjirou was attaching himself to Giyuu out of self-defence. He felt vulnerable being so lonely. He saw Giyuu as safety; for himself and for his family. Slowly, that sense of safety was slowly transforming into desire.

Giyuu didn't care *why* Tanjirou was clinging to him. All that mattered was that he *was*.

Tanjirou was ecstatic to see him. He talked non-stop about his day, about the new blanket he bought for the couch, and about the stray cat he spotted outside. He treated Giyuu like a *lover*. He blushed and smiled when they would kiss. His breath would hitch when the older man's fingers drifted into his clothes.

It was *good*. It meant that Giyuu could keep pushing the boundaries.

Dinner with Tanjirou was wonderful as always, but it was sullied by a call from an unfavourable colleague. It was Sanemi— and he was not happy to hear that Giyuu got so involved with a civilian.

"I *realize* that. I'm not stupid!" Giyuu barked at him over the phone.

"Apparently you are! You're acting like a fucking idiot. You don't think those assholes know how to follow you? How to track down your new toy? They're probably looking for him right now!" Sanemi shouted back.

"It's the only way to protect him and the bakery!"

"Who gives a shit! So what if we lose one tiny little bakery? Another business will occupy the space within a year anyway."

"I care. I'm not letting anything happen to Tanjirou or his family. Besides, what good are we if we can't protect our own assets? That makes us look weak in front of—"

Sanemi interrupted him.

"That's just business! Shit happens! Businesses bite the dust all the time! We can make it look like the bakery had shit food or something."

Accusing the hard-working Kamados of producing poor quality food sparked a viscerally protective feeling in his gut. It was just as wrong as kicking a whimpering puppy.

“That’s not happening. I need to go now.”

Giyuu was usually able to take the man’s rage in stride, usually dismiss it, but the combination of hearing the man insulting Tanjirou and a lack of sleep made Giyuu’s stress heighten. The alpha growled and started pacing to the couch, collapsing in the single chair that faced the window.

He wasn’t just frustrated at Shinazugawa, he was angry at the fact that there were still people trying to look for Tanjirou. He had people protecting the bakery, so nothing would happen to the Kamados, but the possibility of some asshole from that other clan tracking Tanjirou down made his blood boil.

They could have Tanjirou over Giyuu’s dead body.

“Giyuu-san?” The omega worriedly asked. “Who was that?”

Giyuu let out a bone-deep sigh and slouched back. The omega sat down on the armrest.

“A co-worker. Don’t worry, he’s usually very hot-headed.”

The smell of Tanjirou’s worry didn’t fade. He cast his troubled look down to his fluffy slippers. Giyuu’s heart melted at the adorable sight. He extended his arm out to wrap around Tanjirou’s middle.

“No need to worry. I won’t let anyone hurt you,” Giyuu reassured with a calmer voice.

“It’s not that. It’s just...” Tanjiro thoughtfully derailed. His eyebrows were furrowed. He looked like he had conflicting thoughts.

“What is it?” Giyu pressed. His hand drifted down to Tanjiro’s thigh.

Tanjiro tightened his lips. “You’re doing so much for us. My family and I. You’re putting yourself in harm’s way. Even fighting with your friends because of me. I just don’t want you to get hurt because of me.”

Once again, Tanjiro left Giyu speechless. How could one boy be so selfless and compassionate?

“It’s nothing. I want to do it.”

“But *still!*” Tanjiro yipped loudly, making Giyu flinch. “You’re giving me money for food and clothes and you’re letting me stay in your apartment for free! And you even... *play* with me to make me feel good! I know you’re doing it to help me feel comfortable. You’re always doing good things for me.”

A little blush formed on the boy’s face talking about their sensual touches. It’s true that Giyu has been touching Tanjiro a lot more now. He’d slowly finger the boy, let him fall into a spell of pleasure, and get him really wet so Giyu could lick it up. It wasn’t a selfless act though, not as Tanjiro was describing it. Giyu was touching Tanjiro because he was downright obsessed with the omega. Being able to get his mouth on that pretty cunt was the highlight of his entire week.

“...and?” Giyu asked, wondering what direction Tanjiro’s statement was going in. The incentive made Tanjiro fidget for a moment, but he then looked up with determination.

“I... want to do the same for you.”

Giyuu's brain short circuited. Was Tanjirou insinuating what Giyuu *thought* he was insinuating?

"You mean..."

Tanjirou blushed deeper and nodded his head, unable to say the words.

Oh.

Giyuu's dick throbbed hard in his pants. He would have never anticipated Tanjirou taking initiative for such a thing, especially when he had no experience doing so. Giyuu had been certain that he would have to coax him carefully into sucking him off—surely *after* they fucked for the first time.

Giyuu stroked Tanjirou's inflamed cheek and rimmed his lips with his thumb. Tanjirou gasped sweetly and parted them, allowing for Giyuu's thumb to press against his tongue.

"You want to get your pretty little mouth on my cock?" Giyuu huskily incited. Tanjirou fluttered his eyes closed and let out a quiet moan as a yes. The boy's mouth stayed slack as he licked at Giyuu's thumb.

Giyuu sucked in a deep breath and pulled Tanjirou's hand to his hardening cock. The omega's eyes flew wide open when he felt it throbbing in his palm, even through Giyuu's suit pants. He squeezed the shaft and made Giyuu moan deep in his throat.

"Wow—" Tanjirou breathed, gulping down his nerves.

Giyuu smirked.

"See how big you made it?"

Tanjirou let out a shaky breath and slowly got down on his knees. Giyuu bit his lip and unzipped his pants.

“You’re a good boy... doing this for me,” Giyuu moaned. He took out his cock and stroked it in front of Tanjirou’s face. Tanjirou breathed in a deep breath and shivered. His eyes fluttered closed, like he was letting the scent envelope him.

That shy little tongue lulled out and licked a stripe from the base halfway to the tip. Giyuu’s cock throbbed at the sensation. It was so timid— so *cute*.

“Don’t be shy,” the alpha moaned. With a hand to the top of Tanjirou’s head, Giyuu pushed his head down until the tip was nudging at his lips. Tanjirou dutifully opened his mouth and rest his hands on Giyuu’s thighs.

Giyuu let his head roll back as he moaned deeply, savouring this hot moment. He stopped when he felt the resistance of Tanjirou’s throat.

“Your mouth feels so good,” the alpha complimented. Tanjirou’s eyes were closed as he bobbed his head up and down. Giyuu lovingly stroked Tanjirou’s hair, watching it repeatedly fall over the boy’s forehead.

“Suck on it when you pull back,” the alpha instructed. Tanjirou did just that, making liquid heat curl in his groin. His cock barely fit into the omega’s mouth. Tanjirou had to hold the base with his hand just to encompass all of it.

Giyuu silently promised himself to teach the omega how to deep-throat it. Soon. He had to do that *soon*, because just the *thought* of seeing Tanjirou’s throat bulging with his cock almost made him blow his load.

The omega kept moving his head and sucking on his cock when it pulled back, diligently doing as he was told. Seeing Tanjirou work so hard to get Giyuu off was too damn hot. His balls were tightening. He was close. He wanted to feed Tanjirou his cum so fucking badly.

Giyuu didn't even warn Tanjirou that he was cumming. He gripped Tanjirou's chin in his palm and thrust himself until burning-hot semen flooded the boy's mouth. Tanjirou's eyes widened, clearly surprised by the flood of bitter liquid. His throat convulsed and his fingers tightened against Giyuu's pants— desperate to get away and breathe, but Giyuu held onto his head with both hands, forcing the boy to take it. The older man moaned his completion. He took his sweet *goddamn* time filling that mouth to the brim, milking *so much* of it. More and *more*. Each rope squirt *hard* against the back of Tanjirou's throat, filling every last crevice of that hot little mouth.

Fuck, it felt so *fucking good* to cum *that* much.

Even then, he held onto Tanjirou's head *tight*. He didn't want it to end. He took his time to recover his breath as Tanjirou grew dizzy from a lack of air. He savoured the feeling of his cock resting in a pool of his own cum and the omega's nose nestled in his thick pubic hair.

He flinched when he felt a *little* more in his balls that needed to come out.

“Here's some more...” he promised and rocked his hips. Tanjirou's eyes widened and shook his head, begging Giyuu not to.

“Fuck, here it comes.” He clenched his jaw and rocked his hips one more time, moaning just as loud as another hot squirt came out. It filled Tanjirou's mouth *so much* that it burst out the corner of his mouth.

Giyuu then finally pulled his cock out, sloppy and steaming.

Tanjirou actually tried swallowing most of it before his urge to cough became too much to ignore. Giyuu watched as his cum dripped down the boy's chin and neck. Tanjirou's eyes were heavy and his pupils were greatly dilated. Tears were dripping down his face.

Giyuu didn't feel guilty at all, but he still decided to show some compassion.

“Come here,” Giyuu patted his thigh.

He meant for Tanjirou to sit in his lap, but the omega seemed reluctant to stand, so he rested his cheek against Giyuu’s thigh. He was still desperately trying to regain his breath.

Oh, what a sweet little pet Tanjirou made.

Giyuu pulled Tanjirou’s head closer, right up to his pelvis so he could leisurely tap his cock against Tanjirou’s blushing cheek. The alpha felt another ache of arousal when Tanjirou lay slack and unresponsive; accepting the blatantly submissive position. Giyuu rewarded that obedience by draping his spent cock against Tanjirou’s face, letting it rest there as he stroked Tanjirou’s hair. The omega’s face was quite literally sandwiched between his thigh and monstrously big alpha cock.

Tanjirou nuzzled his face closer *right* as the smell of a wet cunt drifted into Giyuu’s nose.

“Is this making you wet?” Giyuu asked, rocking his hips to push his cock and fleshy balls against Tanjirou’s face. The omega could only nod and clench his legs. His tongue poked back out to lick the softening flesh.

“Don’t worry, I’ll fuck you soon. Not today— but soon.” Giyuu promised.

Tanjirou’s eyes closed as he slumped forward, letting Giyuu’s cock and balls keep his face warm and heady musk fill his sinuses.

One evening, Giyuu got home late. He couldn’t leave his work until midnight, which meant that he didn’t arrive at the condo until about 1:30 in the morning. He knew that Tanjirou would be asleep because the boy was used to waking up at an early hour.

He was quiet when entering the apartment, not keen on waking Tanjirou up. At this point, Giyuu just wanted to undress, get ready for bed, and then sleep. He'd be able to enjoy Tanjirou's company in the morning.

That *was* the plan.

However, when he flopped into bed wearing a clean pair of underwear, he *immediately* thought about Tanjirou. The boy was only a few steps away in the other room. He was probably warmed by his cocoon of blankets and was probably very soft from his evening bath. He'd feel wonderful encased in Giyuu's arms.

Giyuu wanted to feel those soft thighs pillowed over his cock.

That was the thought that made Giyuu horny. His cock throbbed in his underwear. Giyuu languidly rolled onto his back and massaged the growing bulge.

He could ignore it and go to sleep, but he didn't want to. He didn't *have* to.

Giyuu rolled over and vacated his bed.

Tanjirou left the door to his dark room ajar. The room was dark, but there was enough light from outside to display the duvet-covered lump. Like a moth drawn to a flame, Giyuu snuck closer to the object of his lustful affections, rounding the bed to look down at Tanjirou's peacefully sleeping face.

Giyuu squatted down. Being this close allowed for Giyuu to see the fringes of hair hanging over Tanjirou's forehead— and Giyuu couldn't help but stroke them away from his closed eyes. He's learned that Tanjirou is a heavy sleeper, able to snooze through thunderstorms and even earthquakes, so he wasn't surprised that Tanjirou hadn't woken from the touch.

This boy was everything to Giyuu. He was so infatuated by everything Tanjirou was. Giyuu had a sneaking suspicion that it was because this boy was everything Giyuu *wasn't*: innocent, noble, and compassionate.

It felt like just touching him was enough to cleanse Giyuu of his sins. It felt like being inside the boy would *save* him— because Tanjirou's body was heaven.

He could remember what it was like to have his cock between those lips. He could remember how hot he looked with cum dripping down his face. He could remember how hot it was to see Tanjirou mouthing him like he had a *duty* to please Giyuu— to repay him for his protection.

Giyuu shivered as desire slowly curled in his belly. He wanted *more*. He wanted that warmth and wetness over his cock again.

The alpha pushed down his underwear and carefully crawled over top of the boy, trying to disturb the bed as little as possible. Tanjirou twitched and shifted in his sleep when Giyuu slipped under the covers behind him, but he didn't wake up.

Giyuu sighed with bliss and slotted his erection against that plump butt. He nudged his nose against Tanjirou's neck, breathing and licking up the tantalizing omegan pheromones. Hands pet over taut muscle, down his narrow side, then purposefully up his stomach. Giyuu pressed his palm against that belly to pull Tanjirou snug against his chest. Giyuu let out a breathy and quiet moan as the warmth blanketed him.

He had to have *more*.

With Tanjirou fast asleep, Giyuu pushed down the boy's underwear, making supple flesh spill out against Giyuu's naked cock— and Giyuu could swear that he's never felt anything more exquisite. He's fucked people before, yet none of them felt a fraction as good as this.

Giyuu slipped his cock slowly between slightly parted legs. His face grew hot when he felt Tanjirou's damp and warm pussy hug his cock.

“Hmm...” Tanjirou groaned as he started to wake up, unknowingly rocking himself against Giyuu’s length.

“Giyuu-san?” Tanjirou asked groggily.

Giyuu didn’t answer and started kissing Tanjirou’s neck harder. The boy gasped when he realized what was happening.

“Giyuu-sa—!”

“Shhh. Let me have you.”

Tanjirou shivered in his arms, tilting his head back to allow him more access. Giyuu hummed with approval. Tanjirou understood by now that Giyuu’s touch always meant something good. Giyuu couldn’t help but find a small victory in Tanjirou’s relaxed body when he commanded it.

His cock kept gliding against his cunt as the omega stretched out his sleepy body, arching his hips back and his legs outward. In the process, Tanjirou accidentally nudged his cocklet against Giyuu’s tip, causing him to spasm with a shock of pleasure.

The tip kept catching the rim of his virgin entrance. Giyuu was *so close* to being inside. One little nudge and he could do it.

He wanted to wait a *little* longer before taking Tanjirou, maybe even put him in some pretty lingerie, but the temptation was too much to bear.

Giyuu lifted Tanjirou’s leg and pressed his fingertips against the head of his cock, forcing it to sink inside. Tanjirou’s reaction was immediate:

“Giyuu-san, *wait*—“

He wasn't going to wait. The alpha was practically panting like a hungry animal.

“Wait!” Tanjiro hiccuped as he tried to squirm away. Panic seemed to set in and Giyuu had to grip him tighter. He stopped his cock with just the head inside and clamped his teeth against the omega's shoulder— just below the scent gland that Giyuu desperately wanted to mark.

Tanjiro's struggle soon melt away, probably when his entrance stretched to make the intrusion more comfortable. The more the omega was soothed by the lack of pain and the alpha's dominant scent, the less he struggled.

Just like Tanjiro knew to relax for Giyuu the first time he fingered him, the omega learned to relax around his giant cock. No words needed to be spoken. Tanjiro surrendered to the alpha's will.

Giyuu smirked while slowly thrusting inside.

Tanjiro gasped sharply and his back bowed. He trembled under the plethora of new sensations.

“Don't clench— don't clench. I know it's big, but you can take it,” Giyuu hushed him immediately, trying to pull the boy back from panicking.

He *knew* that the moment Tanjiro started bleeding, it would push them ten steps back. He couldn't risk that. He was *so close* to having everything he wanted. He had to just wait a *little* more— a few seconds more.

Oh, but having the boy trembling around his cock truly was heaven. It made it ridiculously hard to control himself.

Giyuu pushed in further. The wet sounds and clenching massages over his cock made him see stars, intoxicating him away from self-control.

Giyuu pushed in further.

“*Oh god!*” Tanjirou whined louder when he had to take more. It sounded so sweet. Giyuu pushed in until he was blissfully bottomed out. The moment his balls were flush against Tanjirou’s body, the man let out a relieved moan. Tanjirou was left trembling at the overwhelming stretch of the alpha’s girth. Giyuu soaked up the smell of his adrenaline.

“It’s inside. You took *all* of it. That’s incredible,” Giyuu exhaled breathily, licking at the omega’s heated ear.

Tanjirou whimpered. Every part of him was trembling. It was *so* adorable. Giyuu wrapped his arms around the boy’s body to comfort him.

“Tell me how it feels,” Giyuu urged, pulling back slowly and thrusting back in. Tanjirou flinched and shook his head. Giyuu rolled Tanjirou onto his stomach and draped his much heavier body over top of him. His cock stayed sheathed as the alpha thrust shallowly.

“Tell me... I can smell how horny you are,” the alpha whispered.

“I feel it... in my belly...” Tanjirou cried, barely able to form words. His voice was high and shaky.

“I can *feel* how deep I am,” Giyuu moaned as he kissed the back of his neck. The little act of affection made Tanjirou clench tight over Giyuu’s cock.

Fucking hell, Tanjirou was so sweet that he got wet just from getting a kiss.

The alpha pulled his hips back and gave a proper thrust. Tanjirou's reaction was immediate; he jerked and moaned wantonly.

“*Fuck.*” Giyuu's self control snapped. Thrust after thrust, he drove his cock all the way in. He could have sworn he felt the omega's cervix kissing the tip of his cock. The omega produced more slick with every shock of pleasure that riveted into his body. That cunt was *so hot* around his cock that it made Giyuu dizzy.

Giyuu hooked his arms under Tanjirou's body and pivoted his hips faster. His face buried into soft burgundy hair.

Giyuu was *never* going to let this go.

He was going to hold onto it *tight*. He would *die* before someone else had Tanjirou like this. The boy was *only* going to know the pleasure of his knot.

“Giyuu-san!”

Balls slapped against wet flesh. Tanjirou's legs curled under Giyuu as the omega fell into a spell of pleasure.

“Wait— *wait*, I can't— something's happening,” Tanjirou fretted.

Giyuu didn't even have to ask what that something was. Tanjirou was about to cum from his cunt. The alpha growled and lifted himself, pinned Tanjirou by the shoulders, and rammed his cock into the smaller body.

“Gi—! *Giyuu-san!* Please wait, please, it's—“

Tanjirou *thrashed* as a gush of fluid made a hot puddle the sheets. It was so much that Giyuu could feel it on his thighs. It went all the way up to Tanjirou's navel. The omega sobbed at the

feeling.

“It’s okay... You just came.”

“Giyuu-san...” Tanjirou sniffled. Tanjirou was crying. Before Giyuu could ask what was wrong, Tanjirou turned and pecked a kiss at his cheekbone, then kissed a lower spot. He was trying to find Giyuu’s lips in the dark.

The alpha groaned with bone-deep possessiveness and rolled Tanjirou onto his back. The omega spread his legs and they kissed as Giyuu pushed his cock back inside. He fucked the omega’s body right against the wet spot he created.

The omega had accepted him. His cunt was open and dripping.

It felt and tasted better than he could have imagined. Giyuu never wanted to stop. He wanted to pump his cum inside and lock his knot inside.

Then, he wanted to splatter some more cum on that pretty face. He wanted to fuck him *again*. He wanted Tanjirou to be dripping *everywhere*, Giyuu’s thick scent all over him.

“Oh— *god*— I’m... it’s so... Giyuu-sa— *ah!*” The omega’s words kept getting cut off by his thrusting cock.

Giyuu was explicitly greedy. He made Tanjirou cum some more before shoving his knot inside. It wasn’t long after before the two fell asleep. Giyuu could care less about the sheets.

The next morning, Giyuu woke up alone in Tanjirou’s bed. He was very disoriented when he opened his eyes, knowing his surroundings, but unable to remember why he was there. The confusion only lasted a moment before the memories came rushing back.

He was alone.

His blood ran cold. He forced himself not to panic— because Tanjirou could be in the bathroom or living room.

He *also* could have run away. Last night could have been the last straw.

Giyuu practically launched himself out of bed, completely naked, and darted into the living area.

He came face-to-face with a perplexed Tanjirou bathed in morning sunlight. He was in his silky pajama set, making coffee.

“Is something wrong?” The omega blinked curiously.

Giyuu let out a long sigh and wrapped his arms around the boy. The rational part of his brain was telling him that it was stupid to panic, but his heart was so relieved that the boy was still here.

“Giyuu-san?” Tanjirou asked, perhaps about to inquire why Giyuu had such a reaction. The omega let out a chuckle instead, wrapping his arms around Giyuu.

“Good morning,” Tanjirou chimed warmly.

Giyuu still couldn’t find words, so he tilted his head to kiss Tanjirou. The omega made a breathy pleased noise and smoothed his hands over Giyuu’s tattooed chest.

“Do you want to go to the market with me today? I need to buy some groceries for breakfast. We could make it together,” Tanjirou asked. He had a sunny smile and a soft voice, which

had to mean that he wasn't upset about the previous night. Giyuu hadn't pushed too far. The omega was acting like everything was okay.

"I came on very strong last night." Giyuu indirectly voiced his concern.

"Ah... you did... but... it was alright in the end. I'm a little embarrassed, and it was a bit scary at first, but anytime we try something new, I end up liking it. It always feels good. I guess I was scared that something bad might happen... or that something might tear, but you were right. I just needed to trust you. You always know what's good for me."

Oh.

Tanjirou was wrapped around his finger. Giyuu felt like he was on top of the world right now.

The alpha agreed to accompany Tanjirou to the market. There was a grocery store a few minutes away by foot. So, after thoroughly scenting the omega, Giyuu went for a quick shower. He hadn't done so last night.

Tanjirou was adapting to Giyuu's pushiness surprisingly well. The alpha was tempted to question it, perhaps even be skeptical about it— but he *knew* Tanjirou. The omega was the most honest person in the world. If he was against something— if he didn't like something— he would explicitly state it. Tanjirou was not afraid to protect himself if he felt threatened.

Tanjirou *had* protested a little when Giyuu tried something new, but it was short lived. Pleasure always took over.

He couldn't have been in shower longer than ten minutes.

The moment he turned off the water, a weird lull blanketed the apartment, almost as if gravity had increased. A sixth sense told the alpha that something wasn't right. He heard odd, frantic movements in the apartment. The steam in the room made it hard to detect any off-putting pheromones, so Giyuu cautiously pushed the door open.

He heard muffled sounds coming from Tanjirou, like there was something over his mouth.

A deadly cold chill went down Giyuu's spine when he heard a third voice.

"Shut the *fuck up*," it said.

Giyuu burst into a sprint, somehow not slipping on the wet floor. He only had a towel around his waist and his hair was still wet.

Right in the middle of the entrance, with the front door open, there was a man crowding the struggling omega against the wall. The man's hand was over Tanjirou's mouth and the omega's pants were halfway down.

The growl that riveted in Giyuu's throat was barely human.

The intruder snapped his head up just in time to see Giyuu barrelling towards him.

Giyuu's fist collided brutally into his jaw.

The man stumbled off of Tanjirou, giving Giyuu enough space to grab his neck and shove him against the opposite wall.

Giyuu recognized him immediately. It was the man with the crooked tie.

The alpha's face twisted with feral rage. Lips pulled back in a sneer, exposing canines. His pupils were constricted.

“Don’t *ever* put your hands on Tanjirou again,” Giyuu snarled.

“You weren’t supposed to be home!!” Crooked Tie coughed, unable to form proper words. Giyuu slammed the man’s head against the wall, angered by the fact that the bastard knew his schedule too well— that he was supposed to be doing work in Tokyo.

The bastard planned to swoop in and steal Tanjirou while Giyuu was away.

‘Like hell.’

In a desperate attempt to free himself, the intruder clawed at Giyuu’s face. Giyuu bared it, but he lost his grip, allowing for the man to shove him back.

Giyuu had to step back to regain his balance. While he was not quick enough to attack first, he was quick to block the incoming blow to his chest. The foot that was supposed to collide into his solar plexus was caught by Giyuu’s hands. It gave Giyuu the perfect chance to twist Crooked Tie off balance.

The bastard landed in a heap on the floor, barely managing to get his hands out in front of him.

Giyuu was knocked off balance by a sweep of the guy’s foot, landing on his ass.

A quick flash of adrenaline was enough to avoid the swinging fist coming for his face, but Giyuu instinctively knew that another one was coming, that he didn’t have the momentum to avoid it—

A vase was smashed against the back of Crooked Tie’s head, disorientating the man so much that he collapsed against the wall. Giyuu shot to his feet.

It was Tanjirou who did it.

He looked *furious*.

Water and clay shards littered the floor, along with the budding daffodils that Tanjirou must have bought the previous day.

“Get away from me! Only Giyuu-san can touch me like that! You can’t come in here and just take something that doesn’t belong to you!!” The boy screamed in a fit of raw anger. His hand was bleeding from having the shards slice into his skin. He was standing his ground and panting with indigence.

Giyuu collapsed to his knees. The air was sucked out of his lungs by some supernatural force. His blood rushed straight to his pants and made his cock rock hard.

Tanjirou looked *stunning*. This boy had once been timid from just his fingers touching him, and now he was screaming Giyuu’s ultimate fantasy come true.

Crooked Tie growled and tried to regain his balance. Giyuu reacted immediately; snatching the bastard’s handgun out of its holster and pointing it straight at his head.

“ *Get out,* ” Giyuu sneered. “I *will* blow your head off if you don’t leave in five seconds.”

Crooked Tie did. The man cursed and fled for the door.

‘*On second thought...*’ Giyuu changed his mind within a split second.

Giyuu shot two bullets into the back of the bastard’s head. The shots were strikingly loud, making it feel like the walls vibrated.

The alpha nearly had his most precious person taken away from him. The bastard probably wasn't the only person in the opposing clan who knew where Giyuu's condo was. It meant that *more* people might try to steal Tanjirou in the same way. They would do anything to exploit Giyuu's weakness; the clan weakness.

So, Giyuu had to give them a deterrent.

The corpse collapsed in a heap on the floor. Tanjirou screamed.

The gun clattered to the ground. He turned his gaze to Tanjirou and something in Giyuu snapped. His cock was still hard and the shockwaves of his bloodlust were still surging in his veins. Giyuu became unhinged.

Giyuu's hands were on the omega in an instant, pinning him face-down to the ground.

"Giyuu-sa—"

Giyuu ripped Tanjirou's pants off. The boy gasped sharply. His instinct must have told him to flee, but Giyuu was faster and pinned him down by the back of his neck.

"You *are* mine. You're mine and will only ever *be* mine."

Veiny hands gripped Tanjirou's delectably fat ass and spread the cheeks.

The arch of Tanjirou's hips spoke volumes about the sudden shock of arousal that came over him; a subconscious reaction to Giyuu's dominance.

A heatwave of slick reached his nose. Giyuu's tongue lulled out to taste that delicious smell.

Giyuu gripped his cock and nudged the head against the boy's cunt. Tanjirou's hips flinched, realizing what was about to happen. Giyuu didn't wait for Tanjirou to say yes. He was taking what was his.

Wet lips parted when his huge cock forced the muscles apart. Tanjirou made a noise that could only be described as a keening gag— overwhelmed and falling apart.

“Oh *fuck*, ” Giyuu moaned loud, sinking himself into heaven. Tanjirou's virginity *still* felt indescribable. Plush and velvety muscles hugged his cock so well, squeezing and secreting slick around it.

“Even your cunt knows you're mine,” the alpha grunted.

“I'll blow anyone's head off if they touch you like that,” Giyuu growled and thrust in deep. Each thrust was a jab all the way inside, claiming the smaller body over and over. Tanjirou yelped each time— and Giyuu *knew* that it was because of pleasure.

“Pretty little cocksleeve. My gorgeous little *slut*— “ Giyuu blushed through his feverishly primal desire, accentuating every statement with ramming thrusts. Tanjirou's ass clapped against Giyuu's pelvis each time.

There was water and shards of clay all over the floor. The blood on Tanjirou's hand was smeared in one puddle. There was a *dead body* behind them, yet Tanjirou kept wailing. Fear and pleasure were probably pooling together in the omega's blood, intertwining in such a wonderful way that moulded the omega into a perfectly obedient little lover.

Either that or the omega's deepest desires just sparked seeing two alphas fight for him.

He yanked at Tanjirou's hair, forcing the boy's head back as he attached his lips to Tanjirou's whimpering throat. Tears were pooling under his chin and Giyuu licked them up.

“You’re going to be my pet. At my beck and call. I’ll call your name and you will come to me. You will do *anything* I say. If I tell you to strip and suck my cock in front of people, you *will* do it,” he grunted, continuing his brutally deep thrusts, “You’ll warm my bed for me and spread your legs whenever I tell you to.”

Tanjirou *screamed*. His pussy tightened like a vice. Even after being fucked so thoroughly the previous night, Tanjirou’s young muscles went back to their original shape, just like elastic. It felt like he was taking Tanjirou’s virginity all over again.

“And no one will touch you. No one will *ever* have you . Be a good boy for me and I’ll fuck you this good every single night.”

Tanjirou gagged as he convulsed, cumming all over the floor and rolling his eyes back.

Giyuu slowed to take in the sight— and to enjoy the fluttering muscles around his cock. The alpha then slowly pulled his cock out of Tanjirou’s slack, sopping hole.

“See how open your body is?” Giyuu tapped the head to the wet entrance before slowly pushing it back in. The omega was so turned on that there was very little resistance. Giyuu thrust in hard just to yank himself free with a wet *pop* , demonstrating how sloppily open Tanjirou’s body became.

“See how good you are at being mine?” Giyuu continued the lewd motion over and over, sewing the reality into Tanjirou’s soul. Tanjirou was either in euphoria or overstimulated hell. His jaw was so slack that he was drooling. His eyes were clouded and unfocused. Tears soaked his eyelashes and his face.

Perfect. All of Giyuu’s efforts have led up to this magnificent moment.

As the man easily sheathed himself back inside, he spanked one of Tanjirou’s ass cheeks.

“Who do you belong to, pet?” He asked.

“Giyuu-san...” Tanjirou slurred. Giyuu rewarded the answer with shallow thrusts.

“Who is the only one who can be inside you like this?”

“Giyuu-sa—ma!”

Oh?

“What was that?” Giyuu shivered.

“S-Sama. Giyuu-sama.”

Fuck, that was the hottest thing he’s ever heard in his life. Tanjirou whined when the thrusts got faster. Giyuu could feel the base of his cock swelling with a knot.

“Who owns your body and your heart?”

There was a softer emotion in his voice and Tanjirou definitely heard it. The boy’s eyes came into focus despite more tears flooding.

“Giyuu-sama.”

The boy’s chants were perfectly in time with their pace. Every time it shocked a wave of pleasure into Tanjirou’s gut, another cry was let out. Each one made it harder than the last for Giyuu to hold back his orgasm.

“Good boy. You’re right, you’re all mine. I’m going to cum inside you— *take it*. Take all of it.”

Tanjirou keened and arched so much that his hips were all the way off the ground.

Giyuu roared with utmost bliss and chased his high, then shot his hot load deep inside Tanjirou’s body, coating his insides. The alpha grunted as he shoved his fat knot inside, locking their bodies together.

They’d lay blissfully joined for a little while before Giyuu would have to dispose of the body. Until then, the alpha clamped his teeth over Tanjirou’s neck, biting the scent gland to leave his mark on the boy forever.

No matter what *anyone* said, Tanjirou was explicitly Giyuu’s now.

“I’m home,” Giyuu called out to the apartment. He hung his keys onto the hook by the coat rack and then loosened his tie. There was a lingering sweetness in the air. If Giyuu had to guess, it smelled like Tanjirou had baked something earlier— something with chocolate.

“Tanjirou?” Giyuu called again when he didn’t hear a reply.

It only took a second for Tanjirou to round the corner. The boy placed his hand on the corner of the wall and gave Giyuu a brilliant smile. Giyuu’s heart filled with joy.

“Welcome home, Giyuu-sama.”

The boy was completely naked from head to toe. Only youthfully soft skin, pert nipples, and dazzling eyes were on display. The only thing Tanjirou was wearing was a black collar. It was

cushioned by a maroon-red felt on the inside and had a pendant dangling from the metal ring. The pendant had Tanjirou's name etched in kanji.

Giyuu removed his shoes and then sauntered up to his smiling lover. He wrapped the smaller body into his arms and gave him a kiss. Tanjirou sighed happily and wrapped his arms around Giyuu's neck.

"Did you finish filling out the calendar for next week?" Giyuu asked. The omega took well to organizing Giyuu's schedule like a good little secretary.

"I finished it this morning! I also made a fudge cake today. It's one of the most popular at the bakery. It's very moist because we use mayonnaise instead of milk and eggs," Tanjirou announced proudly.

Right. The bakery. Tanjirou was still keeping in contact with his parents, but he hadn't told them about Giyuu killing a man right in front of him. He didn't even tell them when he was coming home. They asked— several times in fact— yet all Tanjirou told him was that he didn't know, but that they need not worry about him.

He stroked Tanjirou's hair and tucked the short strands behind his ear. The omega gleefully leaned into the touch.

Tanjirou was his pet now. They both knew that. Whatever happened between Tanjirou and his family, Giyuu was *certain* that Tanjirou couldn't live without Giyuu anymore. It was a perfectly orchestrated plan that succeeded beautifully in Giyuu's favour.

"Good boy. Do you want a reward for doing what I asked?" Giyuu proposed softly. Tanjirou wasn't very good at asking for things he wanted. It wasn't in him to ask *others* to do things for him.

"Um..." Tanjirou's cheeks blushed and his hands clutched at his suit.

Giyuu tilted his head curiously. There *was* something the omega wanted.

“Tell me,” he gently insisted.

Tanjirou’s grip got tighter and his eyes flickered, betraying his steadily growing anticipation.

“I want you...”

A smirk started tugging at Giyuu’s lips. He could *smell* Tanjirou’s wetness. “You want me to what?”

Tanjirou shuddered and placed a hand over Giyuu’s crotch, gently massaging it and looking up at the alpha hopefully.

“I want you inside me... please? Will you put it in me?” Tanjirou squirmed, needing to explain himself.

That smirk grew as Giyuu’s hands went straight to grope the omega’s naked ass.

“Of course.”

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